

CHARIVARIA.

It is said that, with a view to improving our relations with Germany, not only is Lord HALDANE to go to Berlin as our Ambassador, but the office of War Minister vacated by Lord HALDANE is to be filled by Mr. KEIR HARDIE.

"Yesterday (Saturday) was the first real holiday I have had for years," said a waiter discussing the Shops Act with a representative of *The Daily Mail*, "and I spent most of the time in bed, just for the joy of it, and because it was wet." If it should be the hobby of many of the emancipated to lie in a damp bed, the new Act will not, we should say, do much to improve our health statistics.

In the opinion of some critics of the Royal Academy the innovation of showing a frame without its picture is not carried far enough.

An individual who was charged last week with walking about in a state of aboriginal nudity in Tudor Street was ordered to enter into a recognisance in the sum of £10 to be of good behaviour. In view of the possibility of a prolongation of the Tailors' Strike, this decision is of considerable importance, and renders it more necessary than ever that the dispute should be settled at once.

MR. DERRICK JULIUS WERNHER, son of Sir JULIUS WERNHER, the millionaire baronet, now finds himself in the Bankruptcy Court as the result of making money fly. Another martyr in the cause of aviation.

"We want a red-hot Church," says the Bishop of LONDON. To judge by the lack of ventilation in some of our sacred edifices this ideal has constantly been before some of our clergy.

"It is a matter of comparative indifference to the public what becomes of a man when he has turned fifty," says Alderman BROADBENT, "but with a baby it is different." This endorses our own sentiments. Babies over fifty interest us enormously.

The power of the Press again! *The Daily Mail*, which looks upon its reputation for modesty as one of its most precious possessions, does not like

to draw attention to the fact itself, but a strong leader in its columns against the continuance of the drought was followed by an immediate downpour, and on the following day we read that more rain had been promised.

The first of a series of special services for sportsmen, who were invited to attend in the costumes in which they intended to pass the day, has been held at St. Andrew's Church, Surbiton. The congregation numbered between seventy and eighty, and included golfers, cyclists, lawn-tennis players and boating

the Council has decided to act on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief.

Mr. MACDONALD HASTINGS says that his new seven-act play will begin with the fourth act. Something in a way similar to this happened in connection with a work by another playwright. The very first production of one of SHAKESPEARE's compositions was announced as *Twelfth Night*.

"The Chief Secretary," said Mr. BIRRELL, in the Home Rule debate, "is a mere gramophone." And what about "His Master's Voice"? Can it be Mr. REDMOND's?

Mrs. PEARSALL WALKER, of New York, who died there recently, has, *The Express* informs us, left an annuity of £300 to her donkey, Sunny Jim. The report that the fortunate legatee will shortly be seen driving about in a carriage drawn by a pair of mokes is a heartless invention.

A lady's hat was set on fire one day last week in the City, apparently by a match thrown from the top of an omnibus, and completely destroyed. Some idea of the vastness of the structure may be gathered from a report to the effect that the fire raged for some little time in the north end of her head-gear before the lady was aware that anything was amiss.

Rara Avis.

"A pine-marten has just been shot in Carnarvonshire, which is a great pity, because the bird is extinct in the kingdom except in the remoter parts of Wales and the Lake District."

Western Mail.

This bird became extinct through boredom at being continually mistaken for a pole-cat.

The New Pronunciation.

"Oh, please," exclaimed Miss Minima, "Put on my newest pinny, Ma, And take me to the Cinema!"

"SWISS BATTLESHIP."

Headline in "*South Ch'ua Morning Post*."

You should see it guarding the entrance to the Lake of Lucerne, which is now closed to international navigation.

"His first ball was such a rank delivery that Wilfrid Payton likewise made a clean cut that urged the crimson rambler up against the balustrade."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

Mr. F. B. WILSON must console himself with the thought that all great wits have their imitators.



THE PRESERVING OF MR. SARGENT, R.A.
FANCY PORTRAIT OF AN OLD CHELSEA GATEWAY.

people. It is a matter of some comment that not a single exponent of the game of marbles thought fit to attend.

The Daily Chronicle has been indulging in some correspondence on the question: Who should pay for breakages—the servant or the mistress? Seeing that the servant gets far more fun out of the incident than the mistress, we give our vote in favour of the former.

In pursuance of a recent decision of the Paris Municipal Council, we read, a new branch of the police, called the Criminal Brigade, has been organised. The name is not a particularly happy one, unless we are to understand that

BONES OF CONTENTION.

No. IV.

I was really pleased when my wife decided to write a novel, not because I had any reason to entertain a very deep regard for her literary abilities, but because it has always seemed to me that the practice of novel-writing should be reserved for the fair sex as a safe and suitable outlet for the flights of imagination to which they are undeniably prone.

I listened to the first two chapters wearing an expression, practised before the glass, of melancholy but affable sobriety which I calculated would be most acceptable to my wife; but as she proceeded I began, to my great astonishment, to experience a sense of indefinable disquiet. It was not till we were in the middle of chapter iii. that enlightenment pierced through my uneasy placidity and I understood. As she read, in fact, a sudden picture flashed across my mind of a little boy in a sailor suit wrenching his hand from his nurse and dashing across the road to disport himself in the delicious feathery spray of a passing water-cart. To understand the true relevancy of this it must first be explained that the little boy was myself, and, secondly, that this escapade was only one of many which my nurse utilised as the basis of romances lurid and alarming in character. Thus almost every night my nurse would tell me of the doings of another little boy, of the awful judgments that befell him and of the indescribably evil workings of his mind. True, this little boy bore a different name from mine, he even wore kilts instead of sailor suits; but I knew—and, knowing, my tongue was tied. To defend the actions or even the motives of the kilted fellow was to let the cap fit—to admit part-ownership of his depraved little mind. Never shall I forget the sense of impotent misery with which these romances inspired me, and now gradually, in chapter iii., it was being borne in upon me that those same youthful sensations were reproducing themselves in my manly breast.

My wife's novel, entitled, "Just a Wife," pivoted, as might be expected, round a lady of that vocation, and expanded upon the sufferings and trials that she experienced at the hands of a soulless husband. The husband was, so the novelist was at pains to assure the incredulous reader, at heart an honest, kindly fellow, but lacking in all the subtle and essential qualities which would have enabled him to appreciate the delicate machinery of (I quote) his wife's finely-poised, sensitive mentality. It is true that his name was Hector,

that he had black curls and wore a red tie; but, oh, in other respects, with what savagery did the fellow pursue his distorted mimicry of me! My wife laid down chapter iii. with a sigh and gave me a searching glance.

"Well, dear?" she said.

I cleared my throat.

"The psychology is remarkable," I suggested.

"Of the wife or the husband, do you mean?" inquired my wife sweetly.

"The husband hasn't got any," I said.

"Oh, yes, he has." She gave a peculiar little smile. "He's very human really, you know."

"Then perhaps you've exaggerated him a little," I ventured.

"I don't think so," said my wife sadly; "I'm afraid not. He was quite a good fellow, you know, but he just didn't understand."

"Well, it was rather a tough job for him to understand that woman," I observed aggressively.

"He certainly found it so," agreed my wife; "that was just the trouble."

"For instance," I proceeded, "if she had explained to Hector that she had invited her mother and sister to stay purely with the object of giving him pleasure I don't believe that terrible scene would ever have occurred."

"When one does a thoughtful and unselfish action," returned my wife reproachfully, "one doesn't want to go and spoil it by explaining how thoughtful and unselfish it was."

That was rather a poser. "Well then," I pursued, "when she tidied up his papers she never let him know that she had stayed at home to do it, instead of keeping a most delightful engagement, solely because she thought he would be too tired to do it himself when he came home. Hector was ratty about that because he simply thought that she had been suffering from a tidying-up mood and had been officious."

My wife eyed me suspiciously.

"You plead his cause very well," she said coldly.

I pulled myself together. Very narrowly had I missed fitting on the cap!

"Of course I've no patience with the fellow," I protested. "Great cumbersome unimaginative lout! but still I think you have a little bit neglected to give his point of view."

"I have tried to give the impression that he was just a creature of instinct," explained my wife.

"So of course he hadn't got a point of view?" said I.

"Not exactly one that would lend itself to analysis."

Suddenly my wife rose to her feet.

"I've just had an idea for the outline of chapter iv.," she said. "I think I'll go and note it down."

Left to myself, I drew up a chair to the fire and lighted a cigarette. For several moments I had been conscious that right at the back of my mind lay something—a vague recollection, an experience, a pigeon-holed discovery, I knew not what, that it was essential I should straightway lay my hands upon. Slowly, beautifully, the smoke curled up and hung in a little haze before my eyes. Somehow I must find that elusive thing.

Ah! What was that little boy in a sailor suit saying to his nurse? "If you tell me a story, Nannie, I'm going to tell you one, too." And the story? It told of a nurse who spoke crossly to little boys for no reason, who did up buttons that were too tight for them, who put soap in their eyes out of pure cussedness, who scratched them with needles that she wore in her apron. These and a thousand other instances of inhumanity went to furnish the stories which that little boy had eventually hit upon as the only possible device for self-defence and retaliation. I had found what I wanted.

I crossed to my writing-table and drew a sheet of foolscap before me. To-morrow I shall read to my wife the first chapter of my novel, entitled, "Just a Husband."

Our Immortals.

"The anniversary banquet of the Royal Academy of Arts was held on Saturday evening at Burlington House. Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., presided, and there assembled the same brilliant and distinguished company of the leading men in diplomacy, politics, art, science and literature, in the learned professions and the professions of arms, that has always been gathered together on the occasion."

Times.

Yes, but we could not help noticing with regret that the IRON DUKE, Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, Lord PALMERSTON, and Mr. THOMAS CARLYLE showed distinct signs of advancing age, and in consequence did not appear in the toast list.

An All-round Trier.

From an advertisement, in *The Buenos Aires Standard*, of an English preparatory school we cull the following:—

"Head Master, Rev. —, late assistant and house master at Dulwich College, and all the public schools of England."

"To those who know what a cut-out is the term January, 1911, was 19,989."—*Motor*.

We are one of those who didn't know what a cut-out was, but we certainly thought that there was more in it than that.



HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND: A FORECAST.

PRIME MINISTER (to Caledonia "stern and wild"). "IT'S TRUE I PROMISED YOU I WOULDN'T LET THE GRASS GROW UNDER MY FEET; BUT—WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT GRASS IS."

[To a deputation of Scots Members who demanded Home Rule for Scotland Mr. ASQUITH gave assurance that he "would not let the grass grow under his feet."]

COMING CONTESTS.

M. MAETERLINCK's decision to meet CARPENTIER in the ring and box a few rounds with him for the benefit of a French charity has caused unbounded excitement among our lively neighbours.

As it is only a few years ago that the Belgian Shakspeare (as he was once wittily called) was describing boxing as a brutalising sport, the *volte-face* lends additional interest to the encounter.

Whatever the result of the engagement—and CARPENTIER is no novice—one thing is certain, and that is that the author of *L'Oiseau Bleu* will record his impressions in an essay to be entitled *L'Œil Noir*, the proceeds of the sale of which are to go to the same charity.

Promoters of benevolent enterprises in England have not been slow to take the hint, and some piquant contests in the realm of sport, between intellect on the one side and brains on the other, are promised.

Interviewed last evening at Lord's, Mr. BARRIE said that it was perfectly true that he is meeting HIRST in a single-wicket match in aid of the funds of the Society for Naming Boy-Babies Peter. He had no doubt that even if he did not win he should make a good fight of it. He had a slow ball which sometimes never reached the wicket at all, that would, he felt confident; puzzle HIRST not a little, and should, at any rate, keep down the runs. About his own batting he felt less sure; but cricket, he had noticed, was full of uncertainty—he might even say glorious uncertainty—and, well, the issue would show.

We found Mr. W. B. YEATS in a Turkish Bath in the West End, reducing his weight for his great race at Newmarket with FRANK WOOTTON in aid of the funds of the Society for Providing Halting Verses with Artificial Feet. Mr. YEATS is to ride the Irish crack "Hornet's Beauty," while WOOTTON will be on "Long Set." When we add that Mr. YEATS is taking lessons at a riding school, and that the race is run on the 18th instant, we can but increase the anticipations of the public who are certain to be there in great numbers not only for the fun of the thing but to support so admirable a cause.

Mr. GALSWORTHY, whose skill with fire-arms of all sorts is notorious, has accepted a challenge from Mr. WALTER WINANS to compete in an exhibition contest, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to endowing a BROWNING Scholarship at Ruskin College. Interviewed on Saturday at his bungalow at Silver Boxmoor, Mr. GALSWORTHY said that he awaited the result with perfect and patrician calm. He was confident



Regular Customer. "I SHALL WANT A LARGE QUANTITY OF FLOWERS FROM YOU NEXT WEEK, FOR MY DAUGHTER'S COMING-OUT."

Flower Woman. "YES, MUM. YOU SHALL 'AVE THE VERY BEST FOR 'ER, PORE DEAR. WOT WERE SHE PUT IN FOR?"

of hitting somebody. The weapons chosen are of course Browning pistols, and Mr. BELLOC has undertaken to act as judge.

In order to raise funds for the benefit of distressed German bandsmen thrown out of work by the operation of the super-tax and the popularity of the gramophone, Mr. CHESTERTON has undertaken to play an exhibition match of tennis at Prince's with COVEY, the new champion. As Mr. CHESTERTON has never been in a court before, his antagonist is to concede 40 in each game and to be further handicapped by playing blindfold in a hobble-skirt,

with a ginger-beer bottle in place of the usual racket. Tickets for the CHESTERTON-TOVEY match, price a guinea each, can be obtained at all the libraries.

In this context we may note that Lord AVERURY has issued a challenge to M. MAETERLINCK, in which he backs his own bee, Melissa I., to buzz against any belonging to the Belgian apiculturist, any honey-gathering hymenopterous insect of the genus *Apis* to be eligible. It is proposed that the contest should take place at the Hummums, the stakes to be held by the Begum of BHOPAL.

THE NATIONAL GAME PRESERVATION ACT.

At the Central Criminal Court yesterday, before Mr. Justice C. B. FRY and a special jury of writers on cricket, ERNEST BARRY, the champion sculler of England, surrendered to take his trial on an indictment charging him, under the new Act, with "that he being a British subject of full age was found at large with no audible means of cricketing conversation and no apparent knowledge of the game of cricket." Mr. F. E. LACEY prosecuted on behalf of the Society for the Enforcement of Cricket, and, at the request of the Judge, the prisoner was defended by Mr. R. C. BOURNE, late President of the Oxford University Boat Club.

The prisoner, who displayed little interest in the proceedings and seemed totally unaware of the gravity of his position, pleaded not guilty.

In his opening speech Mr. LACEY explained to the jury the provisions of the Act. It was laid down in Clause xxv., which was the operative clause, that every British subject of full age shall either (1) play in a cricket-match at least once a week, or (2), as an alternative, spend at least three hours of every week-day in conversing rationally about the game of cricket. The word "rationally" might perhaps in some cases be apt to raise a difficulty, which would have to be solved by the evidence of experts. In this case, however, that point did not arise, as he should be able to prove that the prisoner had never conversed about cricket at all; nor had he ever played in any match, though he had plenty of opportunities for so doing. No doubt he would urge that he was ignorant of the law.

His Lordship. Ignorance of the law is no excuse.

Mr. LACEY said that was so.

Mr. BOURNE. My learned friend must not anticipate what I may be going to say in defence. Let him confine himself to his own speech.

Mr. LACEY. I am not here to take lessons from anyone as to the conduct of my case.

His Lordship begged counsel to restrain themselves. These recriminations served no good purpose.

His Lordship's remark was greeted with applause from a knot of watermen assembled at the back of the court.

His Lordship. This court is not a theatre. If that occurs again I will have the court cleared.

The first witness called was P. C. Skorer. Witness said that from information received he went to Putney on the last Friday of April. He arrested the prisoner at 5 P. M. as he was stepping out of his sculling boat. He told him what the charge was and warned him that anything he said might be used as evidence against him. Prisoner said if this was the sort of thing they'd got to put up with he'd as lief go to Russia. He wasn't going to waste three hours a day in talking about cricket. He'd got other things to do. Witness then took him to the Marylebone Police Station and searched him. Nothing was found on him.

His Lordship. Not even a bail?

Witness. No, my Lord, nothing.

The Prisoner. It wasn't likely he'd find anything on me, considering he took me in shorts and a zephyr.

His Lordship advised the prisoner not to interrupt. He was defended by very able counsel and would have an opportunity of making his own statement in the witness-box if he so desired.

Continuing, the witness said he applied the two usual tests. The L. B. W. test produced no result at all, the prisoner having no knowledge of the rule. The No-Ball test was equally unsuccessful.

In cross-examination Mr. BOURNE elicited that the witness did not know what was the length of pitch on which the No-Ball test was applied. He could not swear it was more than sixteen yards.

His Lordship. For the purposes of the Act the length is immaterial. The delivery is the only thing that matters.

Several other witnesses gave evidence that the prisoner confined his conversation to sculling and had never been heard to say a word about cricket.

Mr. BOURNE, for the defence, said the prisoner's circumstances must be taken into account. He was a professional sculler, and had lived during the greater part of his life in close proximity to a navigable river not primarily adapted to the purposes of cricket. Yet he had on more than one occasion displayed some anxiety as to the result of the Australian tour. He had twice shaken hands with BREARLEY, and had once met IREMONGER at a smoking concert. He earnestly appealed to the jury to weigh the matter dispassionately and not to let their feelings as cricketers run away with them.

The prisoner went into the box and bore out the statements of his counsel. In cross-examination he admitted that

he knew nothing about the popping-creease, and had only once had a bat in his hands. He did not think he could talk for three hours about cricket if he wanted to, which he didn't. He had never spoken about the triangular test matches, but thought they were a good thing.

His Lordship, in summing up, said the prisoner had been indicted under one of the most important and beneficent Acts ever passed by the Legislature. Where should we be if Englishmen ceased to take an interest in cricket? Under the Act such an interest could be shown by actual play or by conversation. No evidence had been laid before the Court to show that the prisoner had done either.

On the conclusion of *His Lordship's* address the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of guilty.

His Lordship, addressing the prisoner, said that it was his (the Judge's) duty to impose such a sentence as would deter others from committing a similar offence. He sentenced the prisoner to 12 months' hard bowling at the M. C. C. nets, to be followed by three years' preventive detention in the cricketing department of a sporting newspaper.



BUNTHORNE HAS GIVEN UP CLOCKS AND WATCHES, WITH OTHER MODERN ATROCITIES, SUCH AS HATS, SOCKS AND BOOTS. FEELING UNWELL, HE TRIES HIS PULSE BY SUN-DIAL. HE HAS ALREADY COUNTED UP TO 1193, BUT THE TROUBLE IS THAT THE SUN WEST BEHIND A CLOUD AS SOON AS HE GOT TO 45.

THE BEST TEST.

ONE of the papers has been printing an analysis of the visits of distinguished persons to that play in which a crafty little Scotch body pulls strings. According to this, the PRIME MINISTER has been five times, the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY six times, Lord CURZON five times, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER four times, Mr. BALFOUR four times and Mr. REDMOND (who is himself not wholly ignorant of the art of string-pulling) twice. One lady unnamed goes to the play once a week, and a suburban clergyman has been six-and-twenty times. These figures speak well; but there are more eloquent signs of popularity still. Let me tell you.

A few weeks ago I was visiting a house where pet animals are numerous and choice. In the course of breakfast I was suddenly aware of a soft and comfortable weight on my shoulders; and behold, a grey Persian cat had leaped from the ground to that position, and was already tickling my cheek with her whiskers. I am the last person on earth to resent such a compliment; but my hostess had fears that I might not be, for she was full of apologies for Bunty's audacity and begged me to put her down.

A few days later, having tea in a Kensington house, I was most prettily and coaxingly approached by another cat, who wanted attention, and again my hostess implored Bunty not to be such a nuisance. And then this morning it was my privilege to be in practically at the birth of a litter of kittens in the country, one of which was at once appropriated by the youngest daughter of the house and, regardless of sex, christened Bunty out of hand.

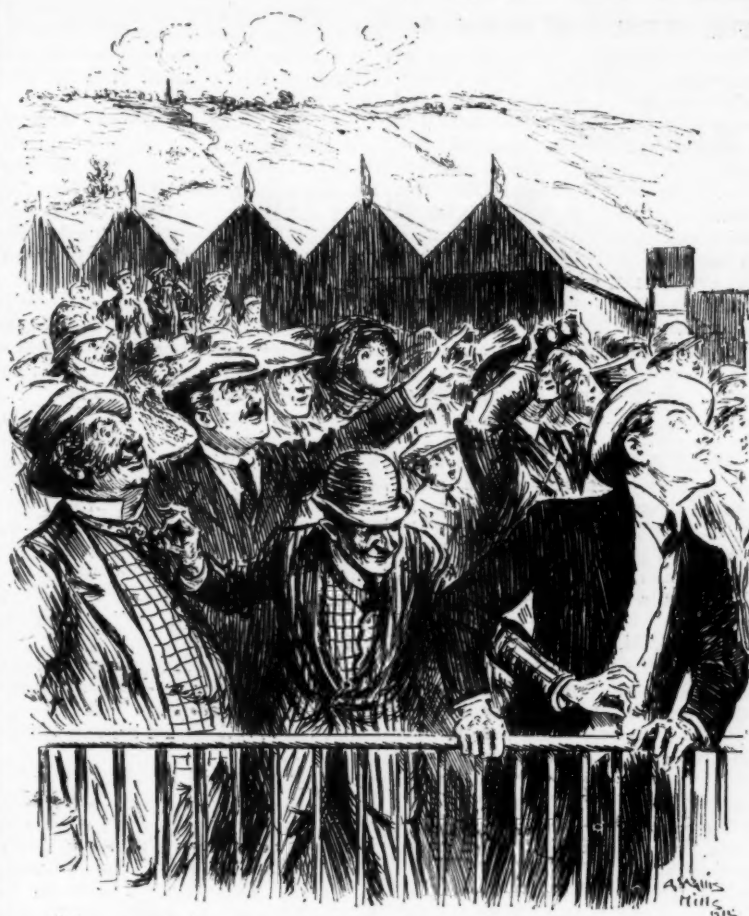
And when you come to think of it, you whose privilege it has been to watch a kitten with a ball of wool or a cotton reel, there could not be a better name. What I am now wondering is, how many Bunty cats England boasts at this moment?

Manners for Men.

From *The Unknown Steersman* by IRENE BURNS:—

"Captain S. was exactly like a thousand others of his rank. . . . He was followed by a fox terrier with tan ears. He licked Eva's hand and flung himself on the boards at her side."

"The Eastern Bengal State Railway Government Police Force is shortly to be strengthened by the addition of 200 constables for catching the passenger trains."—*Dacca Herald*.
The daily bag ought to be largely increased.



Light-Fingered Gentleman (in foreground, soliloquising). "RACE MEETIN'S IS ALL RIGHT, BUT FOR REAL BUSINESS GIVE ME ONE OF THESE 'IGH-FLYIN' CONTESTS."

FASHIONS FOR FIGHTERS.

"THE Home Rule Fight: Why Kid Gloves?" asked the poster of *The Pall Mall Gazette* last Friday. Not a moment too soon has the question of the correct fashions for the great struggle been raised, and we hope our contemporary will not be content with the investigation of this single detail.

If the flower of our young men are to be persuaded to join those who will set sail from Liverpool sooner or later, it is of the utmost importance that they should be well informed on this vital matter of fashions. If puttees are the correct thing, no man wants to wear pale-blue socks. The bravest of us has his feelings; we do not wish to appear ridiculous.

There are problems of the kind already agitating the minds of intending combatants, to our personal knowledge. Are black boots ever worn with khaki? Do spurs serve any

purpose if there is no horse? Does a horse serve any purpose if there are no spurs? Would it be in order for the bearer of a rifle to carry a sword also? How about spats?

We do hope *The Pall Mall* will gather all the information it can for us. It is surely due to such as are about to fling themselves into a sanguinary conflict that they should be well advised beforehand of all the essentials of correct appearance.

"A Hounslow arithmetician who took the trouble at church to total up the numbers of the hymns on the notice board horizontally, vertically, and diagonally, found that the sum each way was 700."—*Evening News*.

The sermon must have been rather dull.

"Mr. R. H. Dillon, a brother of Mr. E. W. Dillon, the Kent cricketer, did the seventeenth hole on the Sundridge Park golf course. The length of the hole is 123 yards."—*Statesman*.
At last! Now he can retire.

THE HERALD OF SUMMER.

MISS MIDDLETON has a garden of which she is very proud. Miss Middleton's father says it belongs to him, and this idea is fostered to the extent that he is allowed to pay for the seeds and cuttings and things. He is also encouraged to order the men about. But I always think of it as Miss Middleton's garden, particularly when the afternoons are hot and I see nothing but grimy bricks out of my window. She knows all the flowers by name, which seems to me rather remarkable.

"I have come," I announced, feeling that some excuse was necessary, "to see the lobretias; don't say that they are out. I mean, of course, do say that they are out."

"But I don't think we have any," she said in surprise. "I've never heard of them. What are they like?"

"They're just the ordinary sort of flower that people point to and say, 'That's a nice lobretia.' Dash it, you've got a garden, you ought to know."

"I am afraid," smiled Miss Middleton, "that there isn't such a flower—not yet. Perhaps somebody will invent it now they've got the name."

"Then I suppose I must go back to London," I said, getting up. "Bother."

"Stay and inspect the meter," pleaded Miss Middleton. "Or ask Father for a subscription for the band. Surely you can think of some excuse for being here."

"I will stay," I said, sitting down again, "and talk to you. Between ourselves, it is one of the reasons why I came. I thought you might like to hear all the latest news. Er—we've started strawberries in London."

Miss Middleton sighed and shook her head.

"But not here," she said.

"I was afraid not, but I thought I'd remind you in case. Well, after all, what are strawberries? Let's talk about something else. Do you know that this is going to be the greatest season of history? I've got a free pass to the Earl's Court Exhibition, so I shall be right in the thick of it."

"Oh, I thought last season was the great one."

"It was spoilt by the Coronation, the papers say. You remember how busy we were at the Abbey; we hadn't time for anything else."

"What else do the papers say? I seem to have missed them lately. I've had a thousand things to do."

"Well, the Sardine Defence League has just been formed. I think of putting up for it. I suppose you have to swear to do one kind action to a sardine

every day. Let's both join, and then we shall probably get a lot of invitations."

"Do they have a tent at the Eton and Harrow match?" asked Miss Middleton anxiously.

"I will inquire. I wonder if there is a vice-presidency vacant. I should think a vice-president of the Sardine Defence League could go anywhere."

"V.P.S.D.L.," said Miss Middleton thoughtfully. "It would look splendid. I must remember to send you a postcard to-morrow."

Tea came, and I put my deck-chair one rung up to meet it. It is difficult in a horizontal position to drink without spilling anything, and it looks so bad to go about covered with tea.

"This is very jolly," I said. "Do you know that my view during working hours consists of two broken windows and fifty square feet of brick? It's not enough. It's not what I call a vista. On fine days I have to go outside to see whether the sun is shining."

"You oughtn't to want to look out of the window when you're working. You'll never be a Mayor."

"Well, it all makes me appreciate the country properly. I wish I knew more about gardens. Tell me all about yours. When are the raspberries ripe?"

"Not till June."

"I was afraid you'd say that. May I come down and see your garden in June—one day when I'm not at Earl's Court? You can give all the gardeners a holiday that day. I hate to be watched when I'm looking at flowers and things."

"Are you as fond of raspberries as all that? Why didn't I know?"

"I'm not a bit mad about them, really, but they're a symbol of Summer. On a sloshy day in November, as I grope my way through the fog, I say to myself, 'Courage, the raspberries will soon be ripe.'"

"But that means that summer is half over. The cuckoo is what I'm listening for all through November. I heard it in April this year."

I looked round to see that nobody was within earshot.

"I haven't heard it yet," I confessed. "It wasn't really so much to see the lobretias as to hear the cuckoo that I came to have tea with you. I feel just the same about it; it's the beginning of everything. And I said to myself, 'Miss Middleton may not have a first-rate show of lobretias, because possibly it is an unfavourable soil for them, or they may not fit in with the colour scheme; but she does know what is essential to a proper garden, and she'll have a cuckoo.'"

"Yes, we do ourselves very well," said Miss Middleton confidently.

"Well, I didn't like to say anything about it before, because I thought it might make you nervous, and so I've been talking of other things. But now that the secret is out I may say that I am quite ready." I stopped and listened intently with my head on one side.

There was an appalling silence.

"I don't seem to hear it," I said at last.

"But I haven't heard it here yet," Miss Middleton protested. "It was in Hampshire. The cuckoos here are always a bit late. You see, our garden takes a little finding. It isn't so well known in—in Africa, or wherever they came from—as Hampshire."

"Yes, but when I've come down specially to hear it—"

"Cuck-oo," said Miss Middleton suddenly, and looked very innocent.

"There, that was the nightingale, but it's the cuckoo I really want to hear."

"I am sorry about it. If you like I'll listen to you while you tell me who you think ought to play for England. I can't make it more summery for you than that. Unless roses are any good?"

"No, don't bother," I said in some disappointment; "you've done your best. We can't all have cuckoos any more than we can all have lobretias. I must come again in August, when one of the pioneers may have struggled here. Of course in Hampshire—"

"Cuck-oo," said somebody from the apple-tree.

"There!" cried Miss Middleton.

"That's much better," I said. "Now make it come from the laburnum, Lieutenant."

"I'm not doing it, really!" she said. "At least only the first time."

"Cuck-oo," said somebody from the apple-tree again.

There was no doubt about it. I let my deck-chair down a rung and prepared to welcome the summer.

"Now," I said, "we're off."

A. A. M.

From a foot-note to an Isle of Wight time-table:—

"C. Saturdays only.

D. a.m."

As we have often said ourselves on a Friday afternoon.

"White and black cigarettes, with diamond clasp are very universal, and are often upstanding en vouronne round a chignon."

Calcutta Journal.

It is pleasant at a dance to know that you can always touch your partner for a white cigarette.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



CHIMPANZEES BEING TRAINED FOR THE STAGE: GETTING THEM USED TO THE FOOT-LIGHTS.



THE FIERCE SUNLIGHT OF MR. LA THANGUE'S PICTURES HAS SUGGESTED THE ABOVE HUMANITARIAN TREATMENT OF HIS MODELS.



EXTRACT FROM A TAILOR'S LIST OF FASHIONS FOR MEN: "WE DEPICT HERE A SMART LOUNGE SUIT THAT IS BOUND TO BE MUCH IN EVIDENCE DURING THE COMING SUMMER. ONLY ONE BUTTON IS NECESSARY, THUS ALLOWING A LONG PLEASING ROLL TO THE LAPEL. A NO-COLLAR WAISTCOAT IS USUAL, AND THE HERALDIC EMBLEMS OBVIATE ANY TENDENCY TO PLAINNESS," ETC.



AFTER THE ANGELUS.



NEW DANCE AT THE PALLADROME, "THE LURE OF THE NORTH."



LABOUR UNREST AT AN ARTIST COLONY. THE MODEL GOES ON STRIKE.



"SOFAS ARE ALL VERY WELL, BUT THEY MIGHT HAVE MENTIONED US IN THE CATALOGUE!"



THE DUET.



The Urbane Shop-Walker. "BOOT POLISH? UPSTAIRS, MADAM; SECOND FLOOR."



Little Hostess. "Won't you come and dance? You seem very lonely. Can't you find your mother?"
Small Boy. "Oh, thanks, I'm all right. The Mater's gorging in the next room."

THE VENDETTA.

In this warm caravanserai, O Thomas,
 You might suppose there was no factious jar,
 You might think murder very distant from us;
 But that is not so: sitting where we are,
 Here in this England, not in far-off Fiji,
 Or Patagonja or Yucatan,
 Although your comrade is KING GEORGE'S liege, he
 Trembles: there is a waiter there—Luigi;
 Thomas, I fear that man.

I dare not ask myself what waves of passion
 Are surging now in that dark Southern soul;
 He bites his lips, you see, his face is ashen,
 Look at the way he blends that salad-bowl,
 His is a wild, wild mood; he scarcely smothers
 His meaning as he carves the chicken's limb;
 He does not joke nor smile among his brothers,
 And why? Because he knows I am another's,
 Who once belonged to him.

He is not what I call a model waiter,
 As some Italians are; he seldom brought
 The things I asked for, and he served me later
 Than all men else; he had an air distraught.
 I said "Italian," but observe his eyebrows;
 Not from the plain of Lombardy he comes,
 But Sicily, where brigands (deepest dye) browse,
 Or Corsica, that land of dreadful tribe-rows:
 Watch him remove those crumbs.

I stood it patiently. I am a Briton,
 Accustomed to be hoodwinked by his kind,
 The "Yes-sir, Yes-sir"—words in water written,
 The "Coming in a minute," vain as wind;
 But one day (for I do not wear the myrtle,
 The bay-leaf crown, to be a henchman's dupe),
 I felt wild rage within me hiss and hurtle,
 I think it was the day he brought mock-turtle
 When I said ox-tail soup.

I said no word: I did not chide the sinner,
 But oh, a bitter smile was on my lip,
 So far as one *can* smile when eating dinner;
 I finished and I paid the usual tip.
 But on the next night—you have known unstable
 Members of Parliament secede or rat,
 You know what clamour was aroused, what Babel,—
 When I went in and chose a different table,
 Tom, it was just like that.

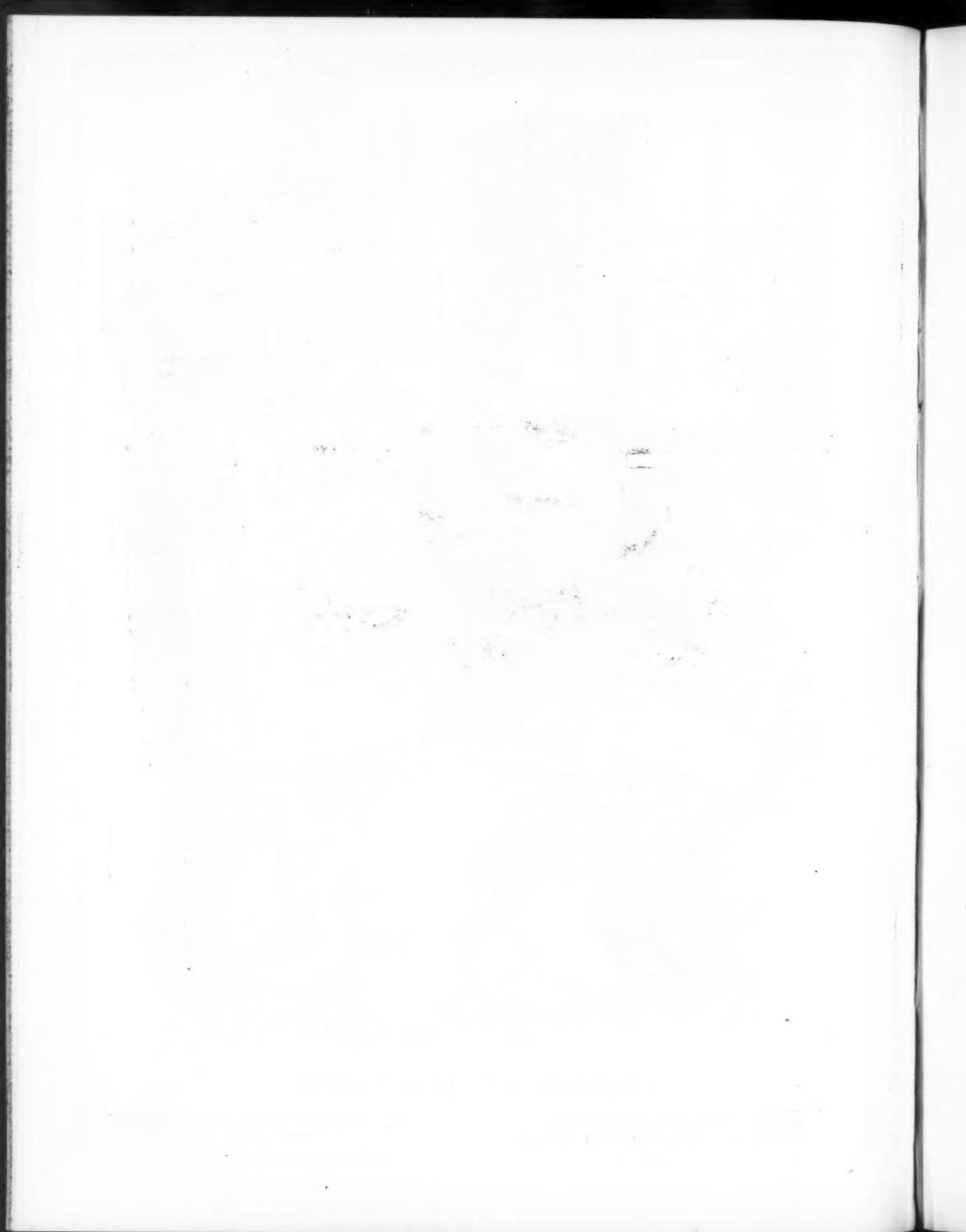
And still he glares upon his hated rival,
 And still he glooms at me and hugs his wrong;
 I marvel every morn at my survival;
 I do not think such luck can last for long;
 So if to-night he cries, "False faith and Punic!"
 And, too forgetful of our alien laws,
 Plunges a bread-knife in Antonio's tunic,
 Or puts some prussic acid in my Munich,
 Well, you will know the cause.

EVOL.



UNQUALIFIED ASSISTANCE.

PATENT MEDICINE (to the Author of the Insurance Bill). "NEVER MIND, DEAR FELLOW, I'LL STAND BY YOU—TO THE DEATH!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday 6th May.

—For first time since PREMIER in businesslike speech brought in Home Rule Bill, debate has attained fiery heat. It was CAMPBELL who worked the spell—JAMES HENRY, colleague of GENERAL CARSON, K.C., in representation of Dublin University. Name smells Scotch, as late Sir ROBERT PEEL, in quite different connection, cited the sense of smell in identification of another nationality. But he was born in Dublin.

Speech mainly retrospective in character with some acrid bits of biography.

SEELY has been so long a tower of strength with Liberal Ministries that House is apt to forget that, like WINSTON, he entered political arena from opposite gate. CAMPBELL related how, having found salvation, the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR avowed himself at Liverpool a convinced Home Ruler. Straightway the startled electric light went out. Rest of proceedings conducted in darkness. Later, appearing at Newry, SEELY declared on behalf of His Majesty's Government that they are prepared to stand or fall by their Home Rule proposals. Whereupon the platform gave way, and enthusiastic but anonymous supporter of Home Rule Cause seized opportunity created by consequent confusion to "convey" the COLONEL's best fur rug.

SEELY smartly explained that there are so many Home Rulers in Ulster that it was difficult to build a platform strong enough to hold them. But he was dumb on subject of fur rug, which, if it has not been bartered for cash, doubtless ministers comfort to a householder who sees in Home Rule the only panacea for the broken hopes and the cruel wrongs of Ireland.

All the same, there is something uncanny about this recurrence of tragedy.

RUFUS ISAACS, put up to reply to CAMPBELL's vigorous onslaught on Bill, maintained debate at level reached after many days. CAMPBELL in course of speech enlarged on what he described as organised intimidation, systematic persecution, exceeding anything known in Ireland for thirty years past. Quick

came effective retort from ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

"I know nothing personally of the facts cited; but I accept them because they supply the strongest argument in favour of the Bill. They prove that the long-established, still existing system of governing Ireland is a failure."

Another point that stirred momentarily crowded House to cheers and counter-cheers was ATTORNEY-GENERAL's treatment of what he scornfully described as conditional loyalty.

"Ulster," RUFUS said, "assumes monopoly of loyalty. Ulster Members proclaim that they will remain loyal as long as one-fifth of the representatives of Ireland are allowed to coerce the majority of Irishmen."

On the whole the duel between two

handed in written answers which were circulated with Votes.

If simple object of a question were to obtain information this procedure as good as any other. Indeed better, since the process saves time and presents answer in more convenient and reliable form. At Washington, legislative business of nation carried on without daily performance of catechising Ministers. WILLIE PEEL insisted on right to oral reply.

"Otherwise," he bitterly said, "it is very easy for a Minister to avoid supplementary questions being asked."

Ay! there's the rub. Questions that crowd the paper, involving waste of valuable time in Public Offices preparing replies for Ministers to read, are what contemptuous CARLYLE used

to call simulacra. They are mere jumping-off boards, preliminaries to effort to show how smart a person is the catechiser, how ignorant and iniquitous the Minister.

The MAD HATTER, increasingly disposed to take charge of affairs Home and Foreign, turned aside from assisting EDWARD GREY in vindicating British Minister at Washington, to point out that, Question hour exhausted, there still remained on Paper forty interrogations unanswered. Could the forty, emerging, so to speak, from the oil jars, march down in a body and give clerks at Table notification of intention to repeat question on following day?

"Yes," said the SPEAKER. "I may also point out that there is a simpler way of getting questions answered—that is by not asking so many supplementary questions."

Burst of grateful cheering from both sides. In this matter SPEAKER is not only counsellor. He is arbiter. He might as he pleased, by reverting to former practice in respect of supplementary questions, deliver House from burden equally intolerable and harmful.

Business done.—More hour-long speeches round about Home Rule Bill.

Thursday.—"If this should be the last speech I ever make in the House I shall always rejoice that I have been permitted to express my opposition to a measure dangerous alike to the interests of Ireland and of England."

Thus HARRY CHAPLIN, noblest Roman



TWO WELL-EQUIPPED SWORDSMEN.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL and RT. HON. JAMES HENRY CAMPBELL.

well-equipped swordsmen triumphantly answered familiar taunt that what DIZZY used to call "gentlemen of the long robe" are ineffective Parliamentary debaters.

Business done.—Third night with Second Reading of Home Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—With the impetuosity of middle-aged youth WILLIE PEEL let cat out of bag in matter of multitude of questions which day by day assail Ministers. To tell the truth, cat's head long time in full view. Nevertheless just as well to have authoritative admission of its presence and its purpose.

Yesterday, consequent on customary springing upon various Ministers of debate on miscellaneous subjects, a number of Questions on the Paper were left unanswered. Among them were two standing in name of esteemed Member for Taunton. Appears he had given notice to Clerk at Table that he would repeat them on following day. CHANCELLOR, unaware of this intention,

of them all. His Parliamentary record goes back to a date few others touch. Through it all, right or wrong, he has been consistent. A Protectionist before Tariff Reform was quartered on the escutcheon of the Unionist party he has been uncompromising in opposition to Home Rule since in far-off days the word was first spoken to scoffing House by ISAAC BUTT. To-night, as always, he preserved the old Parliamentary oratorical manner of which DIZZY was the most illustrious exponent. Pleasant to see his reception on both sides and by all sections. Majority differ from his opinions; all esteem the man.

Towards 9 o'clock Benches filled up. Chamber began to present appearance portending historic division. LEADER OF OPPOSITION and PREMIER, winding up debate, had between them maximum period of hour-and-a-half, about as much as less important Members appropriated for their own speeches.

BONNER in great form, kicking out abint and afore, to uproarious delight of his men. His picture of what would happen when the federated system is completed throughout the Empire—four or five Chancellors of the Exchequer entering for a donkey race, each trying to come in last—was a great hit. Quite in "the new style." PREMIER followed, receiving ovation from his own side. Sat down with five minutes in hand before debate must close. MASON proposed to occupy these with a few remarks which, if carried over 11 o'clock, would temporarily stump the Bill. ASQUITH promptly moved closure. Carried by a majority of 100.

This showed how the land lay. Ministerialists cheered uproariously. Climax came when on Second Division WALTER LONG's motion for rejection of measure was negatived by 372 votes against 171; majority 101. Thereupon crowd massed to right of SPEAKER, and the solid wedge of Irish Members rammed into Opposition Camp opposite, leaped to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs, madly cheering.

Business done.—In House of record numbers Second Reading of Home Rule Bill carried with royal salute of 101 guns.

Adventitious Arithmetic.

"The 12-handicap man must first divide his 12 by 3. . . . This ludicrous practice of qualifying handicap by adventitious arithmetic has no standing in the history of golf."

Daily Mail.

It hasn't. The 18-man who divided his handicap by 3, making it 24, would have no standing anywhere.

NEW LEAGUES OF MERCY.

A FRENCH League for the Protection of Horses has hit upon an ingenious method of promoting the object nearest its heart. It has prepared a cigar to be used as a reward to cabmen who have been observed to treat their animals well or to dispense with blinkers and bearing-rein. The cigar band bears a humane legend, and when a cabman has acquired ten of them he will be presented with a pipe.

This procedure may seem to be somewhat roundabout, and to take too little account of the thoroughly merciless



LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

MR. WILLIE PEEL.

drivers, but it is sufficiently attractive to have already found its imitators in our own country. An early derivative is the "League of Courtesy," just established at Westminster, to which so many members of the Liberal Party belong, and which has Mr. LLOYD GEORGE for its energetic president. The League has decided to put upon the market a Flor de Cuba of unusual strength, length and seductiveness, to be known as a Colombino. The band will bear the words, "The Reward of Meanness," and whenever an Opposition speaker interjects a conspicuously gentle comment or delivers a speech notable for its sweet reasonableness, a Liberal Member will cross the floor of the House and present him with one of these nicotine guerdons. Rumour has it that Mr. BONAR LAW, Lord

HUGH CECIL, Sir EDWARD CARSON, and Sir C. KINLOCH-COOKE have ordered new and doubly-commodious cigar cases.

Not to be outdone in altruistic zeal, a section of young Conservatives, under the banner of Mr. F. E. SMITH, have formed themselves into a "League of Pity" for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the more pathetic and broken-down Members of the Government. Whenever any of these played-out cynics makes a more than usually fatuous defence of a corrupt policy or a more than usually rash forecast of poisonous legislation Mr. HAROLD SMITH will cross the floor and offer him a dainty charm in the form of a tiny gold boot, artistically chased. For the reception of these tokens of good will Mr. ASQUITH, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. CHURCHILL are acquiring new watch-chains several yards long.

Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY, the President of the "League for Promoting Charity to Cats," has made a luminous suggestion for the popularising of the tenets of that body. He proposes to raise a fund of £5,000 for the purpose of purchasing ornamental milk-jugs, each bearing the legend, "Pity Poor Pussy," to be distributed to all persons who can adduce documentary evidence of their having done an act of kindness to any member of the feline species. Any person who possesses ten of these milk-jugs will be entitled to a plaster statuette of the Egyptian deity Pasht, or ten Tipperary cheroots.

"FOR SALE, a quantity of Freshly-Cured English Chaps; 3½d. per lb."

This is from an advertisement in *The Wilts, Berks and Hants County Times* (how nice of them to share a paper) and shows that convalescents are a drug in the market.

"BROADSTAIRS.—Young gentlewoman desires few paying guests in her charming villa; Minuet band and sea."—*Advt. in "Evening Standard."* We're very stately and select at Broadstairs. No vulgar Bunny-hugs there.

"They none of 'em know Latin, but if they did, each ruined man, as he walked out of the building wherein he had lost his all, would take off his shiny hat, and say with a smile, 'Dying I salute thee.'"—*Daily Herald.* It's not really a difficult language, Latin.

"LONDON'S CRIMINAL BUSINESS. NO AMALGAMATION."

Daily Telegraph.

There might at least be a Hard Labour Exchange.

RAIN!

(An article which our exhausted contemporaries are at liberty to use at the end of the next great drought.)

RAIN at last! Real wet rain, falling in profusion on the thirsty earth! At 9.15 yesterday morning the first drop fell in Fleet Street and was immediately surrounded by a cheering crowd, who gazed at the wet spot on the pavement—fascinated! City men raised their hats and a loud cheer. But there was more to follow. Other drops began to fall, and soon the air was full of them. Pit-pat they fell, and presently the gutters were running full-bore with a chuckle to the gratings, down which the precious fluid fell with a merry splash, as if conscious that it was on its way to Ocean! And so it was.

In Hyde Park the flowers began to prick up their ears, scarcely daring as yet to believe that the improbable had happened. Worms came to the surface and hastened back again to spread the glad tidings among their friends. Bashful slugs and snails came out in their thousands. I heard a gardener singing near Kensington Palace, and assumed that he was drunk. So he was. Drunk with rain. Blind to the world. Blind to everything except that the blessed rain had come at last. Blackbird and thrush expressed the joy we all felt in our hearts, only much better. Everyone was sniffing the savour of the sweet wet earth as if it were the perfume of some rare box breathing all Arabia; and those who were not near wet earth at the time read about it in their Lunch editions, which was almost as good. Once again the wisdom of SHAKESPEARE is proved where he said, "The property of rain is to wet" (*As You Like It*, III., 2).

WATER-DROPS.

It is a curious coincidence that the longest droughts have always occurred under a Liberal Government.

"An April without a shower is like an egg without salt," said the Rev. BERNARD LITTLEWOOD in an address to the Roehampton Boy Scouts.

A humorist on the Underground has, by scratching out one letter, made the inscription on the door of a carriage read: "Wait until the rain stops."

HIS MAJESTY THE KING witnessed the rain from a window in Buckingham Palace. The arrangements were carried out by the Office of Works.

When the first drop fell an umbrella merchant in Cornhill suddenly recovered his reason.

A pair of sparrows which had built their nest in a rain-water head at Kilburn are on the look-out for an "Ideal Home."



THE INDIGNITY OF LABOUR.

Young Hopeful (who has lately started to study mechanics). "WHY DO YOU ALWAYS PULL YOUR BARROW, GRUBBLES?"
Grubbles (a pessimist). "'COS I 'ATES THE VERY SIGHT OF 'T'N."

MR. PUNCH AND THE GUARDS' CLUB.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In *The Pall Mall Gazette* of April 15th there appeared, under the heading "London Dialogues," what purported to be a conversation on Home Rule between two members of the "New 'Varsity Club," conducted in a manner which can only be described as one of extreme resilience. In frank parody of the misrepresentative methods of the writer in the *P.M.G.* a dialogue on Welsh Disestablishment between two members of the Guards' Club appeared in your issue of April 24th, under the heading "'Pall Mall' Palavers," the title, it is hardly necessary to add, having a journalistic and not a geographical application. The parodist never intended for one moment to make his dialogue representative of the manners

or intelligence of real Guardsmen. His sole aim was to show how the pseudo-realism of the *P.M.G.* writer, who, while assuming the standpoint of a man of the world, did not hesitate to ascribe to University men the manners of bar- loafers, would work out if applied to the officers of a crack corps. As, however, the tone of the parody has been resented by some members of the Brigade of Guards who have misunderstood its motive and are possibly unacquainted with the original on which it was based, the foregoing explanation is offered by

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

"The East Riding County Council have decided to allow an examiner to hold an animal inspection in religious instruction."

Yorkshire Evening News.

Alas, our tortoise continues to make no headway with the Athanasian Creed.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE NEW SIN."

I HAVE to thank Mr. B. MACDONALD HASTINGS for a very entertaining evening. Once we had done with the professed humour of the introduction there was scarcely a dull moment in it. But surely the title was a mistake. Ever since the days of KING SOLOMON (who lived a long while ago) it has been considered rash to ascribe novelty to anything under the sun. And certainly the sin of continuing to live when your death would be a great convenience to other people is not a new idea. Mr. BARRIE in one of the delightful works of his earlier days—*Better Dead*—introduced us to a club which existed for the sole purpose of correcting this sin by doing away with those whose existence had ceased to be desirable. The real novelty of the present variation lies in the fantastic improbability of its hypothesis. There are circumstances, fortunately rare yet readily conceivable, in which a man might regard it as a point of honour that he should get out of other people's way by taking his own life. Mr. HASTINGS has discarded these in favour of the following preposterous condition. The late Mr. CUTTS (one of the most unkindest I have ever heard of) was a rich draper who wanted to inflict posthumous punishment on his eldest son, Hilary, a ne'er-do-weel, and so gave instructions to his executors to let his property accumulate during the lifetime of the eldest son, or for twenty-one years, whichever period should prove to be the longer, and then be divided among his other ten children. (The twenty-one years' clause apparently revealed a gratuitous desire on the part of CUTTS *per se* to punish the rest of his children for no reason shown.) The father dies, and the ne'er-do-weel develops into the one decent representative of the family. He actually makes his own living as an artist, while every single one of the ten others is reduced to penury, and has to beg of Hilary for his daily beer.

Now I observe that Mr. HASTINGS is conscious of the foibles of his brother playwrights, and at one time attempts to disarm criticism by making Hilary apologise for a commonplace coincidence with the words: "Life bristles with coincidences; it's getting worse than the drama;" but he offers no sort of apology for the preposterous preamble which I have briefly set forth. After it had been shot upon us it was of course impossible to take anything seriously; but the subsequent melodrama was so well done that the entertainment never flagged. For myself, I should have

preferred it if Hilary had taken the advice of his friend, a Labour M.P., who thought that, if the hero was determined to die, he might just as well sell his life dearly and be hanged for a holocaust of people whose blood appeared to him, the Labour Member, to want spilling. Instead, he chose suicide, but was diverted from this purpose by the chance of assuming a younger brother's guilt in the right Sydney Carton manner.

I do not so much complain that the subject of death should be treated lightly. We Occidentals attach far too much importance to it, and forget, what the Japanese, for instance, never forget, that life is the thing that really matters. But I do complain that we should have been instructed by the



A CHERRY PICNIC.

Maximilian Cutts Mr. O. P. HEGGIE.
David Llewellyn Davies Mr. A. G. POULTON.

critics who saw it at the Royalty to take all this as a profound treatment of an elemental theme, when the author himself must have recognised it as just a smart piece of melodrama in the "Grand Guignol" vein. There was no analysis of the dark problem of suicide, no probing of the question whether a man's life is his own to throw away. And the only character who showed any really poignant emotion in the matter of Hilary's dying was the younger brother; and he was concerned purely with its relation to his own prospects. The idea of his brother's death, regarded from a detached, or even from a fraternal, point of view, merely struck him as a very humorous incident. And it was only poetic justice that upon him should descend the full humour of the irony when the convicted man was reprieved.

Some day, when the author is at liberty to satisfy my curiosity, I should be glad to know the origin of the

comradeship that existed between those three incongruous types—the dapper playwright, the robustious artist, and the Labour Member with the broad brogue. Never did a more ill-assorted trio hang together. And I should further like to know how it was that the inarticulate draper's assistant of the Second Act was transformed so suddenly into the voluble cynic of the opening of the Third. Also, at which of the "famous public schools" or universities, where we are told that a portion of the family was sent, Hilary learned his rolling gait. But I shall not press for an explanation of the brilliant conversational gifts of the man-servant, for this class has long been accepted as the exponents of all that is best in our stage humour.

The performance, which kept the right note of restraint, was very good throughout, and if the play suffered at all from change of atmosphere I, at any rate, who now saw it for the first time, was incapable of imagining how it could have been done much better. My only trouble was that, at its reincarnation on the boards of the Criterion (of all houses) it brought with it the flattering *cachet* of approved matinées at the Royalty and the solemn benediction of the critics, and so started on its new career with a definite prejudice in its favour, having been advertised not as merely a clever melodrama, which it undoubtedly was, but as a "strong" play, which I think it was not. However, Mr. MACDONALD HASTINGS is far too intelligent to allow himself to be persuaded into the belief that *The New Sin* is a "contribution to the serious drama."

This, by the way, is the second of his plays that I have seen in two consecutive weeks, and I am tempted to ask what in the meantime is that other pluralist doing? Where is Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM? O. S.

"The Bacon statue is the work of Mr. F. W. Pomeroy. The simple inscription on the front of the pedestal will be—

"Francis Bacon—1561-1626."

Pall Mall Gazette.

Considering the number of mistakes in dates on public statues in recent years, this attempt at meticulous accuracy is all the more refreshing. Even Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON should be satisfied.

"His only mistake was at the eleventh, where he was in difficulties through hitting the top of a bunker, and also took three punts."

Birmingham Daily Mail.

We are not quite sure of the rule about casual water in a bunker, but it certainly doesn't allow for these boating facilities.

HOW TO LIVE ON SIXPENCE A DAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—For the benefit of those of your readers who contemplate making the experiment of sustaining life for a whole week on sixpence a day, I beg you to allow me space to recount my experiences.

No doubt a number of unscrupulous persons will come forward and claim a hearing on the strength of having done it on sixpence and an odd farthing or so. Against these upstarts I need not urge you to use your editorial powers without mercy. The extra bun or stick of barley-sugar in the day makes all the difference.

That it could be done I knew, because somebody had done it and written all about it to the press, enclosing his balance-sheet for the week. But, having lost the newspaper-cutting referring to it long before the eventful Monday, I was thrown entirely on my own resources. Yet in my very loss lay my greater chance. What one Briton had already done, was another Briton to be thwarted from doing? Never! Else where was our boast of empire, what had our pioneers suffered and died for? I chose Monday as the day to start the experiment for two reasons. The first was that it comes after Sunday, a day, in our family, almost exclusively given to eating, and consequently forming a good basis for privations of this nature; the second was that Monday is universally the recognized day for putting all new resolutions into practice.

Well, on Monday I bought a packet of cigarettes and some acid drops. That, I admit, was a mistake, and when I woke on Tuesday morning I saw directly where I had gone wrong. Of course, what the system required was something at once fattening and sustaining, satisfying yet withal cheap; and for all the nutriment the human frame could be expected to get out of acid drops and cigarettes, in themselves antidotes, I might just as well have wasted my time eating flies. No, I must think of something better. There then occurred to me the dear old friend of our childhood, cod liver oil. With sixpennyworth of it *per diem*, judiciously taken, surely I could count on keeping body and soul together till the ensuing Sunday—a teaspoonful for breakfast, a dessertspoonful for lunch, another teaspoonful for tea, and a table-spoonful for dinner, and probably some left over for the cat. Moreover, having recently become a bull in oils, I knew I was practically certain to see my money back. But no sooner had I dipped the end of my tongue in it than I realized with horror that I was a



Uncle George. "WHAT! HATE ALL YOUR LESSONS? COME, NOW, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU HATE HISTORY!"

Niece. "YES, I DO. TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, UNCLE, I DON'T CARE A BIT WHAT ANYBODY EVER DID."

doomed man. In the imperfect recollection of my childhood I had forgotten the orange wine. My day's sixpence was spent and starvation stared me in the face. For certainly no one but a Laplander could be expected to eat that nauseous stuff neat. It merely remained to write a letter of explanation to the coroner and wait patiently for the end, my only hope being that my natural reserves of fat, with Sunday's reinforcements, would respond nobly to this sudden call upon them. However, to my surprise, finding myself still alive on Wednesday I determined to take no further risks, and demolished two loaves out of hand, and on Thursday I had several square meals.

I am told now that the staple ingredients of human food consist of nitrates (exclusive of the gold, silver and copper varieties), carbo-hydrates,

phosphates and fat. Had I known this at the time, what were easier than to go to the chemist, buy a penny-halfpennyworth of each, shake them all up together, and take a dose of the mixture four times a day? If they are anything like as cheap as bacteria, you ought to get quite a lot for sixpence. Should any of your readers care to make the experiment, the only stipulation is that they must not spend more than sixpence. But, if the pantry door *should* happen to be open and the cook of a conniving spirit, it says nothing at all about that. I enclose my name, for your private perusal, on a separate sheet of paper. My photograph and a lock of hair, mounted as a shaving-brush, I am sending under another cover.

Yours faithfully,
ONE WHO HAS BEEN AND DONE IT.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

WALKER told me to meet him in the Furniture department of Parridge's Stores at twelve-thirty, and he would give me luncheon. If I had arrived there within a quarter-of-an-hour of the time all might have been well; but as it was I got there at one o'clock, and all was not well. It is not much good looking for anybody in Parridge's.

I approached the furniture man and questioned him. "Have you seen a small, squat person, with rather loud trousers" (I was annoyed with Walker for his excess of punctuality; if nobody bothered about being punctual there would not be all this fuss about it) "who looked as if he had lost someone?"

My friend, said the man, had gone. That seemed to me a contradiction in terms. If he had gone he was not my friend. I gathered that he had indeed been on the look-out but had retired eventually, looking, if anything, a little relieved. "That's my man," said I, and followed him to the book department, whither, the furniture man said, Walker had enquired the way. The book man, discovering at once that I was not going to buy books, was less helpful. He overdid it. Yes, he had seen a short gentleman in distinctive trousers that morning—in fact, about a hundred-and-twenty of them. Some of them had . . . I did not stay to hear the rest, but thought it would be a sound idea to go to the restaurant and wait for him there.

The restaurant is at the top of the building. It is approached by lifts. I took up a position opposite the lift-gates and hoped for the best. I felt encouraged to notice that there were four lifts; the more lifts, I felt, the more chances of Walker's ultimate arrival. But, though those lifts worked hard for half-an-hour, they produced nothing nearer to Walker than another acquaintance of mine, named Pearson.

I looked at him with annoyance because he was not Walker, and he returned the glare because I was not someone else. "You haven't picked up a tall fellow with an umbrella, have you?" he asked me, "because, if you have, he is mine. I have lost one."

"No," I answered, "but will exchange for a short one with lightish trousers."

"What a pity," he said, "that we are not looking for each other!" I did not like the way he said that; it sounded almost as if it might have been meant for a hint to which I could not accede, having left all my real money at home.

"It's Walker I want," said I.

We waited long in vain, for the lifts seemed to have taken a dislike to our sex and were disgorging nothing but women.

"I'm awfully hungry," said I, with intent.

"So am I," he answered.

"I shall have to lunch some time, and so will you. Luncheon is one of those things which must be. What are we going to do about it?"

"It almost looks as if we shall have to lunch together," he said inadvertently.

"Thanks awfully," I said, before he had time to cover his mistake.

He tried to smile graciously, as if he had meant to do something kind. He half got up from the chair, on which he sat waiting. Then, "I think perhaps I ought to wait a little longer for my man," he said.

His idea of a "little" was a shade too long for me. "What about it?" I said at last.

"Oh, it's very good of you," he said, getting up with alacrity.

When we were seated at the food, I felt feverishly in my pocket, but no money had grown there since the last feverish search. "I must be candid," I said later on. "It was not so much my man I was wanting as his free luncheon."

"Same here," said he, with disconcerting brevity.

"I have ninepence," said I, producing it.

"And I a latch-key, a threepenny-bit and two stamps." He also laid his cards on the table. "And one of the stamps is a halfpenny one."

"Were you late, too?" I asked.

"A mere, nothing—not more than twenty minutes or so. It was hurrying to get here even twenty minutes late that made me leave my money behind."

"The popular craze for punctuality has a lot to answer for," we agreed. Meanwhile we had eaten together two-and-ninepence worth of food.

I suddenly looked bright, optimistic, confident and very knowing. "I have it," I whispered, getting up and winking at him. "You just wait here and keep up appearances." I made my way to the smoking-room, which is an annexe of the restaurant.

When I said "I had it," I lied. I am now sitting in the smoking-room, writing a faithful account of it all. I hope Pearson's ingenuity or audacity will have settled the matter. There is no limit to the free luxuries provided by these modern Stores. I had had the faint hope that the last and most up-to-date and considerate convenience for customers might be an emergency exit, by way of the smoke-room, for

customers who found it inconvenient to pay for their meals. But I cannot see it, and here I am, rapidly coming to the end of the story and with no alternative but to make my way out again through the restaurant.

If that fellow in the frock-coat, who stands by the door and *appears* to be taking no notice of anything, hinders my passage out and says, "Pardon, Sir, have you paid for the luncheons? Your friend" (I was so busy remembering a moment ago how clever I was that I forgot Pearson might be cunning)—"your friend said you would see to it," I shall answer briefly, "I have no friends," and shall endeavour to pass on. Wish me luck!

A POSTER IDYLL.

THOUGH the morn be drear and soaking,
She smiles on me and you,
When the 9.15 from Woking
Arrives at Waterloo;
She stands in a glade of flower and fern
(That is ours for five and three)
And tells of love and a cheap return
To Baydon-by-the-Sea.

All white from shoon to bodice,
She hangs, divinely tall,
A Rivieran goddess
Suspended from the wall;
Mid the station smells you can almost sniff
The tang of a Baydon breeze,
As you gaze on the gulls and a crumbling cliff
And the bluest thing in seas.

And every night I toast her
As I quaff the brimming bowl,
This girl who thrills my poster-
Impressionable soul,
This holiday lass who softly smiles
On passengers and guards,
And wafts them in fantasy miles and miles
From sooty station yards.

But I've sampled the quaint aroma
Of the "Wachuwant" cheroot,
I have scanned the gay diploma
They send with the Korn-kure boot,
And I've always found that the scent or soap
You buy at a hoarding's call
Is never the same as you dared to hope
From the picture on the wall.

And that is why, dear maiden,
I've passed a firm decree
That I'll never go to Baydon,
To Baydon-by-the-Sea;
I've lost my trust in a hundred pills,
In a pen and a score of shoes,
But the faith I've pinned to those girlish frills
Is a faith that I would not lose.



Quartermaster (examining candidates for the Territorial Medical Corps). "AND, NOW, WHEREABOUTS IS YOUR SPLEEN?"
Jones (at a venture). "IN MY KIT-BAG, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Moon Endureth (BLACKWOOD) is a collection of tales and fancies, in prose and verse, which Mr. JOHN BUCHAN has contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*. It reminds me of an old well-thumbed saffron-coloured book, called, I think, *Tales from Blackwood*, which was one of the soberer delights of my schoolboy days a many moons ago. It isn't only that in several of the stories Mr. BUCHAN makes me feel the thrill and ecstasy that come of the cool, clean breath of mountain and moor and loch, and the boundless space of sunlit skies and the sound of running waters. That he can always do when he sets his mind to it. But he has somehow caught the indefinable spirit of the old "*Maga*" magic, which makes a typical *Blackwood* story as different from ordinary magazine fiction as the spacious repose of Tudor houses from the irritating pretence of modern jerry-built villas. His title, which is not very happily chosen, refers really not to the promise of the Psalmist, but to the belief of St. FRANCIS that the moon stands for the dominion of all strange things in water and air. In that region of mystery and horror Mr. BUCHAN is always at home. But I like, too, his other fancies, more particularly those of the Americans who came to Europe to invite PRINCE CHARLIE to be their king, and found him drunk, and of the Lemnian who fought side by side with the Lacedæmonians at Thermopylæ. They might both so easily have been true.

Believe you me that Mr. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM is the rare lad for a lark. He is that same. And his latest, *The*

Inviolable Sanctuary (NELSON), is his best yet. I call it his latest, but not, I hope, by any means his last. I would like indeed that Mister BIRMINGHAM should be writing tales this great while, the way I will be reading a fresh one every onct in a while; and me with perhaps the black care on me for him to charm it away. But as for telling you the full story of *The Inviolable Sanctuary*, that thing I will not do. It is himself and no other shall explain to you just what was on the island of Inishbawn, and what took *Priscilla* and *Frank* voyaging about the bay in the *Tortoise*. In short (to drop an idiom that is becoming bothersome) you must read the book and chuckle, as you are practically bound to do, over the supposed German spies, and the sponge-collecting lady and the varied enthusiasms of *Miss Lentaigne*. It was this last that I enjoyed as much as anything else. Whether she is a Christian Scientist, denying the existence of a sprain in *Frank's* ankle, or a fresh-air faddist, or a devotee of female independence martyring herself in the endeavour to smoke cigarettes, *Aunt Juliet* is always delightful. So is our last word of her, in a letter from *Priscilla*, where she is described as having "dropped being a suffragette in disgust, and taken up appendicitis warmly." But the whole book is the most rollicking fun; the jolliest that Mr. BIRMINGHAM has written, which, as you probably know, is saying a good deal. Let you read it at once.

In the coloured comic supplement of one of the New York Sunday papers there used to appear a series of pictures, each instalment of which showed, as its dramatic finale, a small boy pointing accusingly at some enemy,

and uttering the words, "Bad mans!" I was irresistibly reminded of this small boy when I read Mr. AUSTIN PHILIPS' *The Common Touch* (SMITH, ELDER). His "Bad mans" is the Modern, the Intellectual, the Shavian, or whatever he likes to call himself; and he attacks him with a naïve lack of humour and a total absence of artistry which suggest extreme youth. Whenever two of his characters get together, the story is hung up while they scold Bad mans. Not that there is very much story to hang up. *Monica Priestly* is a would-be Intellectual (Blackheath model), and when she goes to serve in the post-office at the county town of Rutherford she shocks the natives at first by appearing in a djibbah. But is there not a heart of gold beneath that djibbah? There is, indeed. Along comes the local doctor, whom she had seen playing football at Blackheath and worshipped from afar. He is Good mans. Will she marry him and play golf like a nice minded English girl, or will she, so to speak, djib at the prospect? She marries him. And that's all. Mr. PHILIPS is so sincere and so obviously believes that he is saving the country that it is not pleasant to have to scoff. But, if there is one thing which should be written well or not at all, it is a philippic, and *The Common Touch* is badly constructed and childish. And no Intellectual ever accused the Plain, Ordinary Man of being such a portentous bore as Mr. PHILIPS unconsciously makes him.

Among our great-grandfathers there was many a one who started life on half-a-crown a week and died worth something like that sum a minute. The ambition and achievement of these Northern giants was to build great industrial concerns, and it was only by the way that they founded also notable families to maintain incidentally the business, but more to flourish exceedingly on the net profits and to be much sought after by others and much venerated by themselves in local society. The affairs of this provincial plutocracy do not figure largely in romance; their attitude towards life is usually too cautious and themselves too businesslike to touch passionate extremes. But they are liable to their problems like the rest of us, and one of the gravest threatens when the line of descent appears inevitably bound to come to a point in an only son, who is of a mind not wholly commercial and prudent, is artistic even and cogitative, intellectual, unmercenary, and advanced. So *The House of Robershaye* (SMITH, ELDER) threatened to conclude in *Ambrose*. To avert disaster, the father made a will (quite a feasible will, for once in a novel) by which *Cousin Robert* was forced upon *Ambrose* as a lifelong companion and partner, *Cousin Robert* being, from a business point of view, it. It was the father's misfortune, if deceased testators can have misfortunes, that a feminine contingency arose. It is hard enough in the ordinary way for two men diametrically opposed to live at peace in the same house and work harmoniously in the same cotton mill, but when in addition they become rivals for the love of the same woman trouble is certain and even murder is

possible. . . . Miss EMMA BROOKE's study is always well informed and sometimes nearly inspired. She has only failed at one point. In overdoing her hero's merits she has made him a prig, and so misses the reader's sympathy. It is not till too late that one learns what a good fellow he really was all the time, and can manage to regret his destruction.

I despair of coming to any understanding with Mr. A. B. LE SAGE about *Doll Berryman*, the heroine of *In the West Wind* (Duckworth). She married "Captain" Harvey, foreman of her father's tin mine and, when her husband went to South Africa, carried on a *liaison* with *Stephen Pengelly*, a lodger, whom she had at first disliked and despised, and also apparently with one or two other people. *Stephen Pengelly* was killed in an accident in the Wheel Crom mine, *Harvey* returned home, and *Dolly* apparently settled down to a quiet domestic existence with

him for the remainder of her years. Since she was only the daughter of a Cornish farmer (the tin was a chance discovery on his estate) it is natural, I suppose, that she should not indulge in a great deal of psychological introspection, as she would have done if Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS had been her creator, but nevertheless the story of her amours leaves me rather baffled. There is a fine Cornish flavour about this novel, like the saffron in a local cake. I like saffron cake, but I am not sure that this is a wholly successful example of the confectionery. Mr. LE SAGE's descriptions of scenery, his dialect, and his interiors are all of the best, but his heroine should either have been more articulate, or treated from a more aloof and critical standpoint. The story fails to provide any palpable thrill, and I am left with a feeling that life is not quite bracing enough in the west wind. Perhaps the author will use baking-



THE VULNERABLE SPOT.
AN ANXIOUS MOMENT IN THE CAREER OF ACHILLES.

powder as well as saffron next time.

When the heroine of *The Visioning* (MURRAY) began to develop "views" it took me some fifty pages to recover from the shock. At the outset *Katie Jones* was rather hair-brained, delightfully ingenuous and withal of a personal charm that made men (to their credit) fall in love with her. Not for a moment did I guess that serious thinking was to be numbered among her many accomplishments. However, let no one be alarmed, for in her most solemn moments she was never tedious. I applaud Miss GLASPELL's story as heartily as I dislike the extra syllable in her title. Her theories are applied solely to America, but the pill (if it be a pill) is so girt with sugar that it can be recommended to everyone, except to those who insist upon taking refuge from Socialism by ignoring it. With many of her ideas I am totally at variance, but it is impossible to deny the cogency and humour with which they are expressed. The book indeed is a brilliant example of how to be strenuously modern without being in the smallest degree ferocious or offensive. Incidentally I am pleased to know that Americans call a niblick a sand-club.